

—THE—
Lexington Intelligencer

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Chronic Constipation.

There are people who never have a movement of the bowels without it is produced by a cathartic. Most of them have brought that condition on themselves by the use of mineral waters and strong cathartics that take too much water out of the system and aggravate the disease they are meant to relieve. A mild laxative tonic like Chamberlain's Tablets affords a gentle movement of the bowels that you hardly realize has been produced by a medicine, and their use is not so likely to be followed by constipation. Adv.

Mr. and Mrs. John Morrison and daughter, Miss Elizabeth went to Kansas City Wednesday morning for a few days' visit.

Mrs. W. R. Eckle went to Kansas City Wednesday morning for a brief visit.

Mrs. O. V. Bradley and daughter, Evelyn, of Sedalia, arrived Sunday night for a visit here with friends.

For The Children.

Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting a cough medicine for children. It should be pleasant to take, contain no harmful drug and most effectual in curing their coughs and colds. Long experience has shown that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy meets these conditions. It is a favorite with many mothers. Adv.

Willard Steele of Kansas City, spent Christmas in Lexington with relatives and friends.

Hugh Patterson spent Wednesday in Kansas City on business.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Harmon of Kansas City, spent Christmas with Mrs. Harmon's mother, Mrs. Katherine Fanolio, in this city.

Raymond Ainsworth, who is a student of Central College, Fayette, Mo., is spending the holidays with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Ainsworth.

HOUSEWORK IS A BURDEN

Woman's lot is a weary one at best. But with backache and other distressing kidney ills life indeed becomes a burden. Doan's Kidney Pills have made life brighter for many Lexington women. Ask your neighbor. Read what Mrs. Warda Sargis, Southside Addition, Madison St., says:

"I certainly know what kidney trouble is for I suffered with it for a long time. Severe pains would catch me in my back and it was so sore and lame that I could hardly get about. While doing my housework, terrible pains would shoot up and down my back. When I stooped sharp pains would shoot through me and I would have dizzy spells and little specks and flashes floated before my eyes. My kidneys were very weak and acted irregularly. Doan's Kidney Pills were recommended to me and I got a few boxes. They cured me of all the trouble and I haven't had any return of it."

60c. at all dealers. Foster-Milburn Co., Mfrs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullens announce the birth of a daughter, December 19, 1922.

Miss Violet Shelton of Independence, is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Shelton, during the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Marrs and son left Friday for Muskogee, Okla., to spend Christmas with their daughter, Mrs. Manly Clark.

The Ham Sandwich

By I. WRIGHT

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Merwin Palmer straightened up from his cramped position over the engine and rubbed his greasy hands down the tan overalls he wore. "I tell you, Dave," he said, with a sigh, "I'm going up to that house and ask for a drink of water. I need a little something after three hours of this work."

The man lying in the road under the car snorted. "G'wan, then," he retorted shortly. "We're not going to call a garage man in for this little job if it takes all day."

"No, that's all right with me—but I'm going to have a drink of water. And say—if I saw a ham sandwich right now—what I wouldn't do to it!"

"For a civil engineer with a nice, new diploma from college and a pretty fraternity pin that no girl ever yet succeeded in getting away—well, you sound like a hungry tramp." And the man in the road turned over on his side and stretched two fingers up into the motor and said something softly under his breath.

Up at the house on the hill a girl with soft golden hair and violet eyes stood on the porch, watching the progress of the man coming up. "His figure is like Merwin's," she whispered to herself. "But Merwin—" she sighed a little and sat down at the white kitchen table, which was spread with two large loaves of bread, butter, mustard and pretty pink ham.

"May—may I have a drink of water?" asked Merwin Palmer a moment later. "This heat is frightful."

The girl with the violet eyes did not look up from her bread cutting. "The pump is there and the dipper is hanging in the apple tree directly above. Help yourself." Her voice was low and her tone cordial.

As soon as he had turned to go to the pump she looked after him. Afraid of tramps, she was somehow fascinated by his figure—a figure so similar to



"Would You Care for a Ham Sandwich?"

the college man she had met in the city. His shoulders drooped as he pumped, and he looked very tired. When he called out "Thanks" she was again looking at her bread.

If he stared at her queerly she did not know it, for she was not even glancing his way.

"Maybe tramps are a lazy lot and don't deserve anything," she said half aloud, "but I'll bet a sandwich would taste good to him. Say!" she called out. She did not know how to address him, and "say" seemed to be adequate.

He turned. "Would you care for a ham sandwich?"

He turned and hurried toward her. For a moment she was startled. She had heard dreadful tales of tramps knocking girls senseless and going through the house to take everything of value; she had heard of one place near the next town where a tramp had set fire to the house. She almost regretted her impulse.

"I don't know that you're hungry," she said timidly. He looked so large now that he was coming up the porch steps and in the screen door. "But—I thought a ham sandwich—"

"Why," he said cordially, in a booming voice, "I'd commit murder right now for a ham sandwich. I was just telling my pal down the road that a ham sandwich—"

She paled; he had a pal down the road—she did not dare look at him. "May I help myself?" he asked as she made no effort to hand him the plate.

She nodded; her throat felt dry and hot and she wished that some of the family were home. "You—you might take one along to your—pal—" she said in a very little voice.

"Fine," he said, eating the sandwich with great relish. "Although a fellow who swears as he does doesn't deserve anything as good as this. It seems to me that you have met me—"

he said, and then stopped short.

Her face flamed; why had she called him back when he was on his way out

of the yard! She dared not look at him. Panic overwhelmed her.

"Aren't you Faith Darrow?" he asked.

She looked at him now in surprise.

"Yes."

"I'm—"

"You're never Merwin Palmer?" she gasped.

He nodded placidly. "I'm glad you remembered. I thought you didn't."

and—"

She laughed nervously. "Well, why—why didn't you say so at the start? I thought—you—thought you were a tramp—in those clothes—"

He stared at his tan overalls. "The car broke down and Dave and I thought we'd fix it ourselves."

There was a strained silence as each followed thoughts concerning an evening where there was dancing, a balcony, certain words—and then the interruption of a crowd of dancers.

"I know—" It was Merwin Palmer who broke the silence. As he spoke he was unfastening the shoulder strap of his overall, revealing a well-cut suit beneath. "I know, I always had a notion, Faith, that my fraternity pin would look better on you than on any one else in the world; suppose we—"

He was holding out the pin, which had never before been out of his hands.

A snort made them turn around. "So this is what you call getting a 'drink of water' while I lie under that car and sweat?" It was Dave, hot and tired.

"Here's a sandwich and there's the dipper far down the yard there by the pump. G'wan and get a drink," urged Merwin Palmer, with more cordiality than he had ever shown before. "G'wan, we're busy here."

REGARD GOLD AS WORTHLESS

Filipino Natives Evidently Look on Precious Metal as Something Worth Only What It Weighs.

Ordinary money is entirely unknown amongst the inhabitants of some of the more remote Filipino islands in the South Pacific ocean. Its place being taken by plug tobacco—so many sticks being worth one pig or one wife, as the case may be, writes Col. T. R. St. Johnston, formerly district commissioner for Fiji.

One day a trading schooner put in at Apemama Island having on board a goat, a beast never before seen by the astonished eyes of the natives.

To please the "king" of the place the trader made him a present of the animal, which, as is the playful habit of goats, had been accustomed to chew up anything offered to it, even tobacco.

"What do you feed it on?" ask the king.

"Tobacco," replied the schooner's captain, in mischievous mood, and thereupon handed it a stick, which it promptly ate up.

"Take it away!" cried the horrified king; "I shall be ruined in a week!"

Somewhere in Fiji there exist rich gold deposits, but no one knows their whereabouts, for the natives are extraordinarily reticent regarding this one subject. Colonel St. Johnston tells of the following remarkable incident:

One day a trader brought him two specimens of quartz richly veined with gold. They had been hidden in one of a number of bags of copra (dried coconut) brought in by some natives; the object being, not to smuggle the gold, but to add to the weight of the contents of the bag, and so defraud the purchaser.

The colonel himself tested the specimens, which proved to be very rich indeed in the precious metal. The trader at once began to make inquiries as to who had put "stones" in their sack of copra, but the natives imagined a trap, and not one would own up, despite his offer of "no awkward questions and a rich reward." And to this day the mystery has never been solved.

Wind Caused by the Sun

When any part of the earth becomes heated by the sun's rays the air becomes thinner and rises. As it goes up a current of cooler air takes its place, thus causing the disturbance called wind. Likewise, damp air—which is lighter than dry air of the same degree of heat—will also rise and cause a disturbance above and below. It is for this reason that there is usually a breeze from the sea by day and from the land by night, the land being heated faster than the water and the fresh air from the sea coming in to take its place. At night the process is reversed. The land cools faster than the water and the wind goes out to sea.

Cochineal

Cochineal originated in the Mexican town of Oaxaca. Thence the industry spread to Central America, the Canary Islands and other parts of the world. The Indians of Oaxaca had used the brilliant and permanent scarlet dye to color their sarapes, probably for centuries, without discovering that they were indebted to a minute insect which feeds on a certain species of cactus. They thought they were baking or boiling a natural product of the plant itself. However, they were perfectly familiar with its virtues, as they were with many of the native dye woods. Here are still to be bought the best Indian blankets in the republic, of either wool or cotton, dyed with vegetable colors.

The Unkindest Cut

"The manager of the telephone company says there is no charge when the subscriber gets a wrong number," observed the wife.

"Great snakes!" roared her even-tempered mate. "How do they ever take in any money, then?"—Buffalo Express.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher* on the wrapper all these years just to protect the coming generations. Do not be deceived. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

Never attempt to relieve your baby with a remedy that you would use for yourself.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Purgative, Drops and Soothing Syrup. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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NOTICE

WILL BE CLOSED THURSDAY AND FRIDAY OF THIS WEEK FOR INVOICING

McCAUSLANDS